MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 11 No. 12 75p

BIGGEST EVER ISSUE:

180-PAGE CHRISTMAS BONANZA

REVEALED: TEN GREAT GIRLS

EXCLUSIVE:
WHEELER'S INCREDIBLE
LOCOMOTIVE ILLUSTRATIONS

NUDE REVIEW:
YOUR YEAR'S BEST BIRDS

THE FALL AND RISE
OF REAL ALE

CHEERS:
IT'S THE LANDLORD'S
BAREST DAUGHTER

BLUE MAXIMS:
A MADDOCKS VIEW OF
R.A.F. MOTTOES

QUEST:
THE SEXY SIDE
OF INDOOR GAMES

LARGEST U.K. MEN'S MAGAZINE CIRCULATION

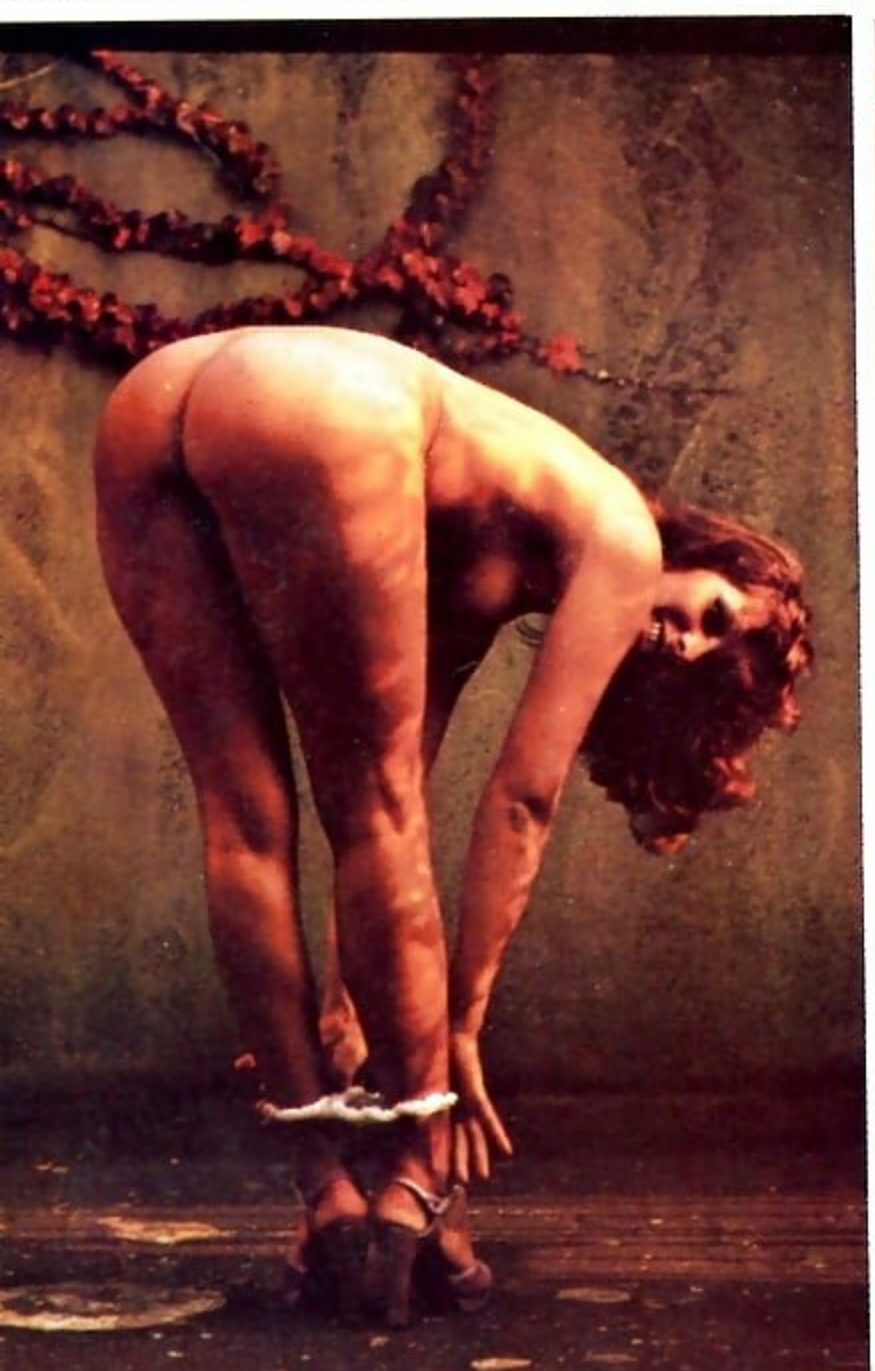
AUSTRIA 55 SCH BELGIUM 61 FRS DENMARK 16·85 KR FINLAND 9 FM FRANCE 11 NF GERMANY 9 DM GREECE DRH 150 HOLLAND 7·25 FL
HONG KONG 13 HK$ ITALY 2200 L NORWAY 15 KR SWEDEN 12 KR CANADA $2·25 USA $2·25

LOUISE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER MARCEL

Twenty-year-old Louise McLaughlin has those cool blonde looks so typical of Swedish girls, which is why it's a surprise to find that she's from Wigan. 'We don't all look like rugby league players, or walk round in curlers and clogs,' she says. Louise's 34–23–34 figure is more likely to be seen in jeans and tee-shirt, hunting for bargains in the old covered market.

'That's one of the things I like about Wigan, you've got modern shops but there's still lots of old places left, like the market. I love the people there. What they say about everyone being friendlier in the north is very true. They're more blunt and to the point, as well. And that definitely goes for the men. If they fancy you they let you know.' And what of other things northern? 'Well, yes I do like black puddings, but I can't stand tripe. I'm often down at Central Park, too, which is where the rugby league team plays, for you ignorant southerners. I'm not there for every game, though, because I sometimes work at weekends.' Work means a tall office block in Manchester. 'It's only a short drive away, and I go there because the money's better – we watch our brass in the North, don't you know?' And one last inevitable question brings the answer: 'Of course there's a Wigan Pier! It's a landing-stage on the good old River Douglas. It might not be Venice, but it's alright is Wigan!' With girls like Louise around, who are we to argue?

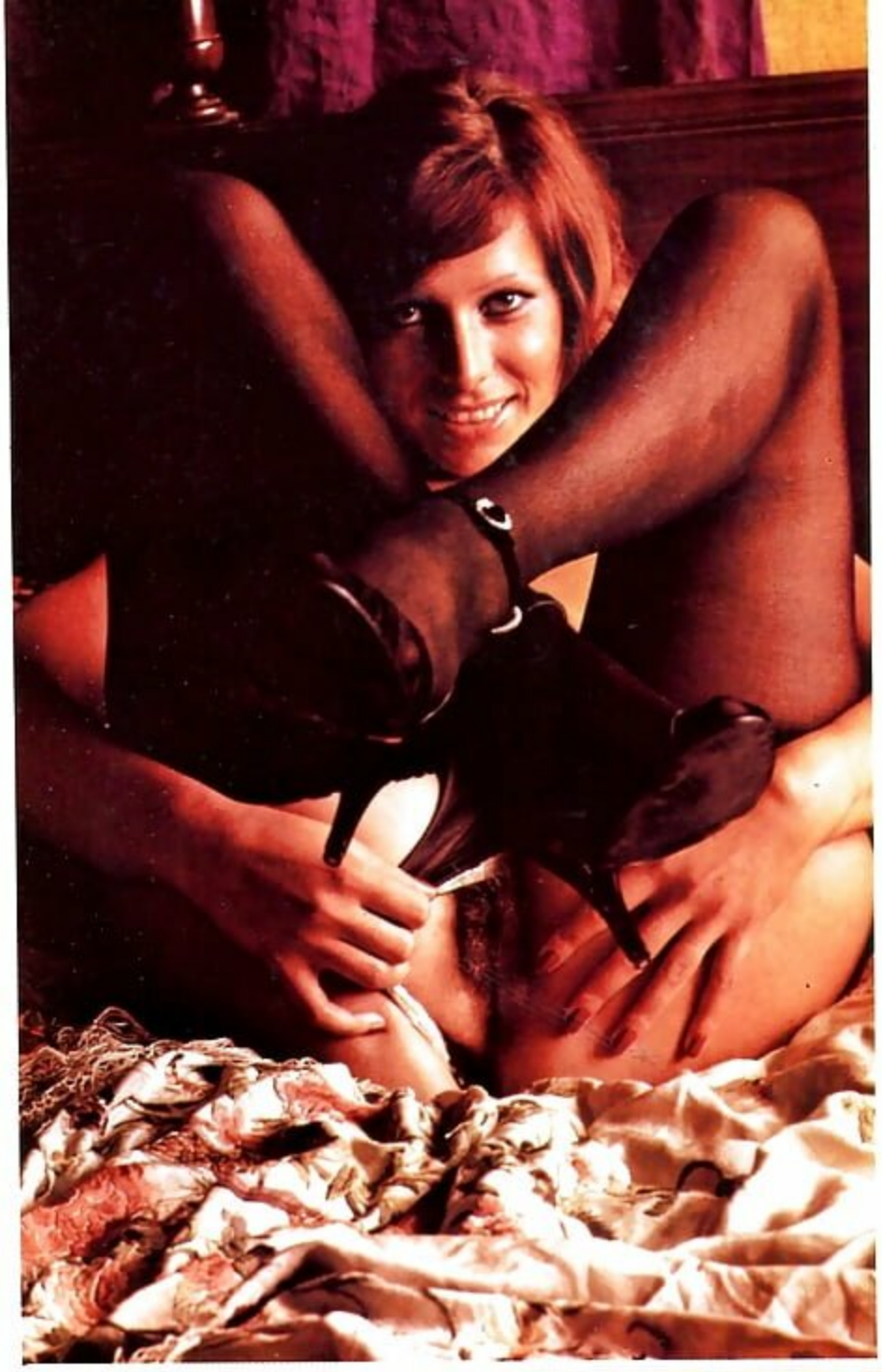


MAI

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

Being Scottish and a red-head, you might expect Mai Forsyth to have a temper and a half. 'Not at all,' she insists with a smile, 'and don't you go saying that I have, do you hear? Actually, it's a great excuse to shout at friends and get away with it. They seem to make allowances for me.' The forgiving friends of this 24-year-old are centred on her home town of Stranraer. 'It's

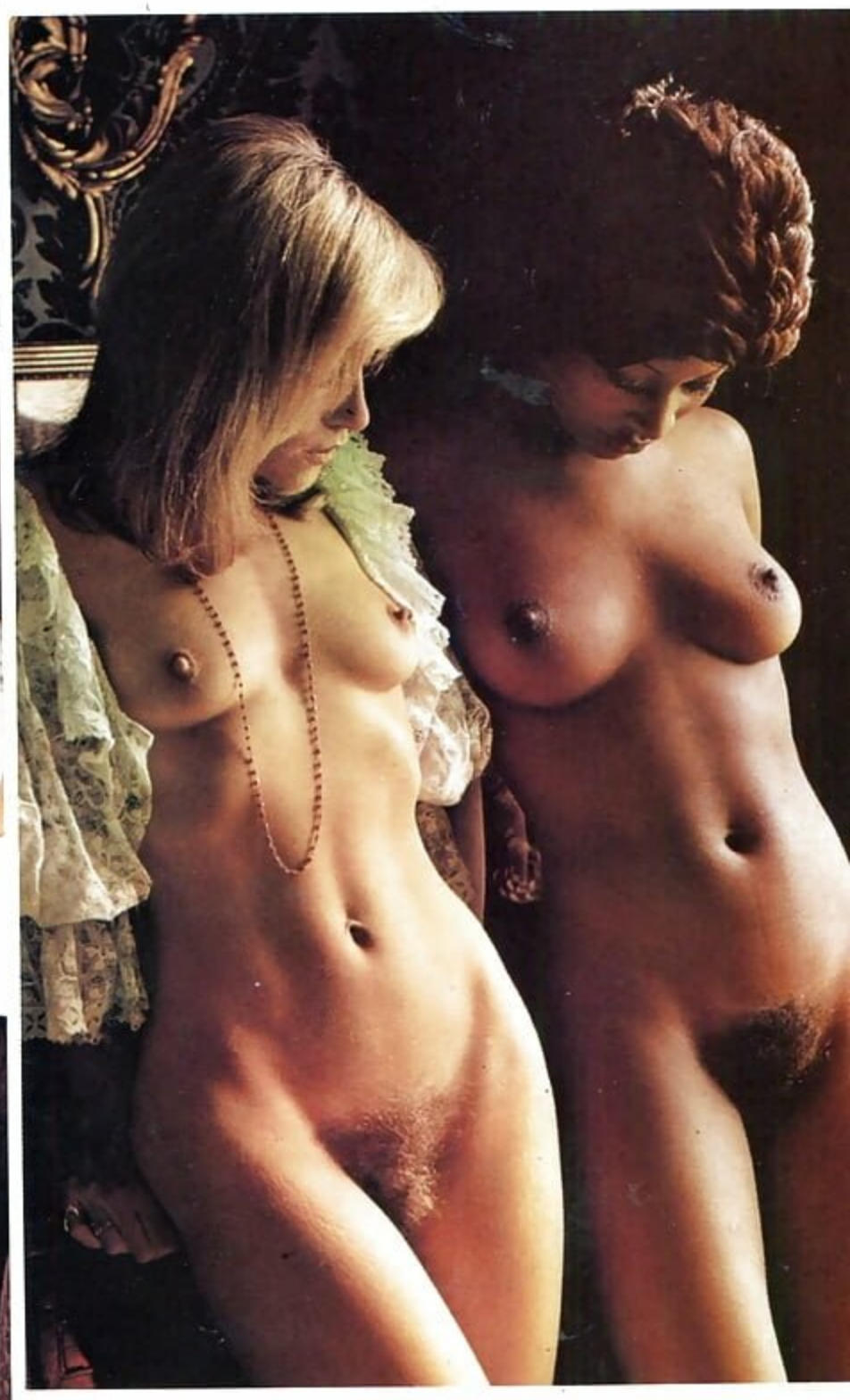
not exactly what you might call the swinging centre of Europe. I mean there's nothing to compare with London, or even Edinburgh. but, well, let's say I've never been short of entertainment of an evening.' With a figure like Mai's 36–23–35 on a 5 foot 8 inches frame, that's hardly surprising. 'Being Scotland there's no shortage of pubs, if you can catch them open. The licensing laws are worse than in England. That's why we all drink so much, to make up for lost time. Does that make me sound typically Scottish? I think I tend to do that – play up the Scottish bit whenever I'm away.' You could hardly have a more typically Scottish name than Forsyth, short of McGregor or McKenzie, but what about Mai? 'Well, that's my own invention: we are supposed to be a nation of inventors, I believe. Anyway, up until I was thirteen or fourteen I was plain old Mary Forsyth, and I began to hate it, you know what you're like at that age,



then I saw the name Mai in a book and told all my relatives and friends that that's what they had to call me. Of course they thought it was just a passing fancy, but it stuck. 'Does Mai not go in for passing fancies then? 'Oh, no, I'm very faithful, really. I've only been out with a handful of fellows – well, maybe a few more than that – but each one's been fairly lengthy.' She laughs huskily. 'I'll rephrase that! I was talking about lengths of time, honestly. Anything else is strictly between me and the bed-post, as they say. Anyway, I do tend to have fairly long and involved relationships with people, though I'm not in the middle of one at the moment. Most of my friends think I'm a very independent person, but I'm not so sure about that. I do get to rely on a man, take all my problems to him, that sort of thing. Hey, this is getting serious, how did we get on to this? Oh yes, I was telling you how faithful I am. In my own way, of course,' and a half-smile returns. In the same way that she isn't bad-tempered? 'No comment,' is Mai's laughing reply.

Jasmin & June

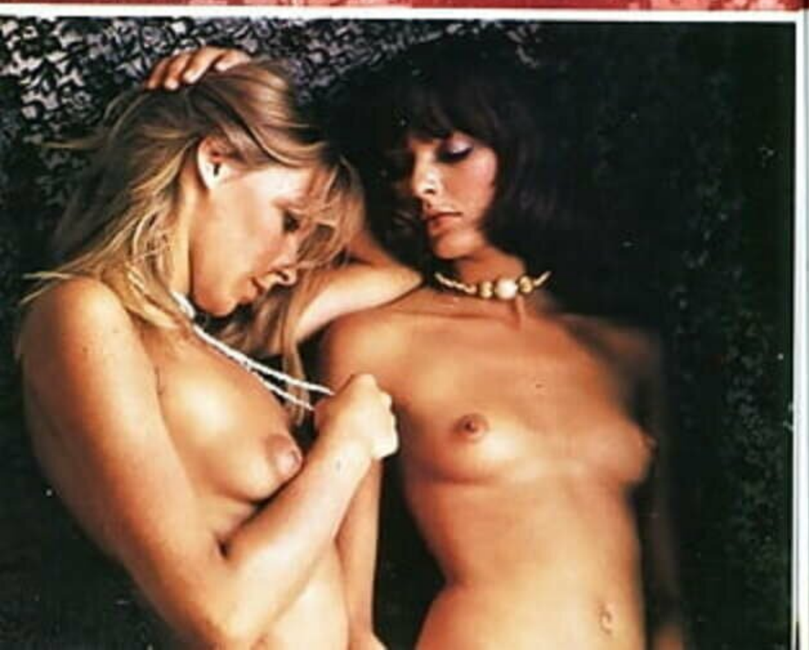
Black on white, white on black: light skin smoothing to a whiter shade of pale, dark flesh mellowing to a warmer richness of brown. 'Do you like the thought?' questions coffee-skinned Jasmin Tancred with a blink of sloe-eyes that suggests endless possibilities. Before the mind boggles the fine-boned, sensual face creases into un-inhibited laughter. 'Ignore her,' comes crisp advice from flat-mate June Harrod. Girlishly sensible, her Nordic blondeness is softened by the gentler warmth of pure English rose. 'Jassy is just an exhibitionist,' she explains. 'It was her idea. She'll take her clothes off for anybody.' 'Juny,' comments her friend archly, 'is just bustin' out all



over her mouth.' The moment hackles ought to rise laughter does instead. High over London's Victoria, in the converted half of an unusually staid flat, they are inseparable, have been since they first met in a YWCA – Jasmin still warm from the Bahamas and June fresh from the Potteries. Others occasionally pass through their abode – male and female – but Jassy and Juny remain semi-permanent fixtures. 'We are like sisters,' says Jasmin. 'Same measurements – 35–24–35 – same height and we're both Geminians – chatter away like monkeys.' 'I'm exactly a year older – 22 to be exact,' adds June and grins. 'I'm the older woman. Actually it's a beautiful combination. We're both disco freaks – even though Jassy is better than me and I hate her for it – but the moment we walk into anywhere you can feel the heads turn.' 'I have a really sheer, figure-hugging white lace dress, slashed to the thigh,' says Jasmin, 'and Juny wears this very loose, practically transparent swirling thing. You can't imagine the effect.' Black on white, white on black. We'll have fun trying.

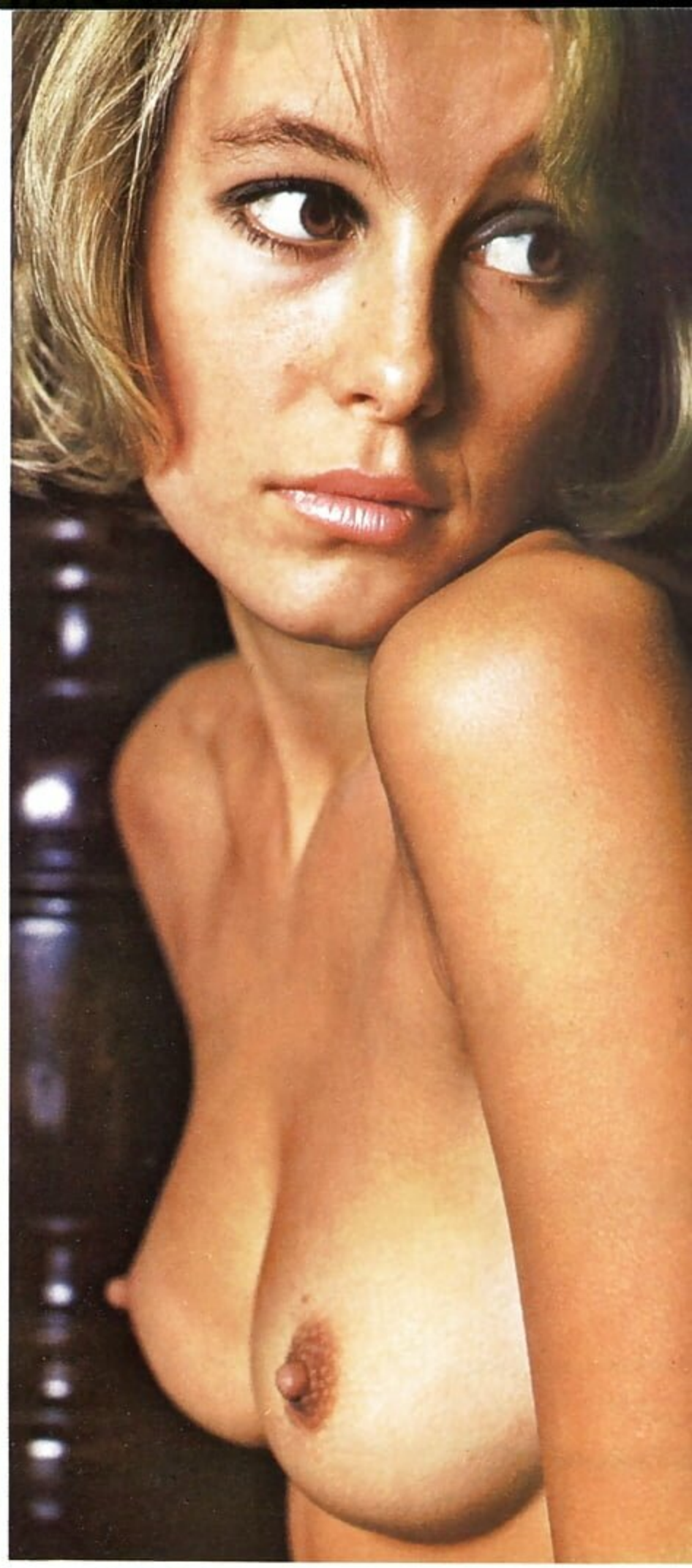
Let's Hear It Again for your Birds of the Year

These are your favourite girls - the desirable dollies who made last year memorable

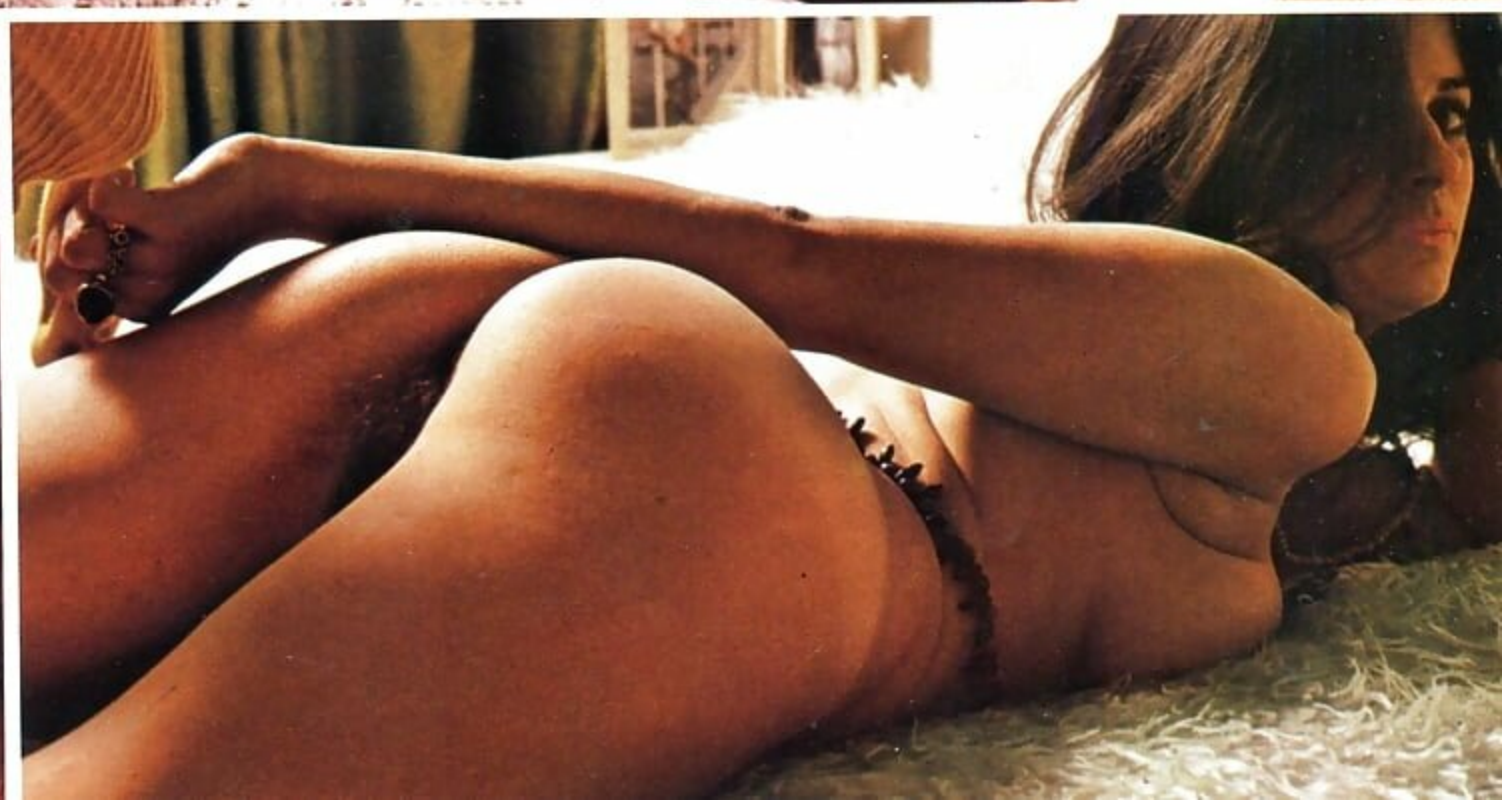


Getting last year off to the sweetest start possible, 22-year-old Susan Nell, previous page, aroused your collective protective instincts by revealing that she felt slightly lost in London after her arrival from South Africa. Doubtless Susan soon found many volunteers willing to show her around. Rita Wallace, top left, displayed a *penchant* for sexy undies and proved beyond argument that birds from Birmingham can match up to the country's finest. In an English country garden one cool summer morning, Daphne Gregg, bottom left, made you hold your breath as she discarded her knickers for a photo-spread after an all-night disco-session. Joanie Allum, above, brought sensuality from Somerset and her 34–24–35 figure moved one reader in Cardiff to lyrically observe: 'She's my dream-girl come to life – the object of all my fantasy desires.' Blonde Elaine and brunette Susan, left portrayed a rather more wistful sexuality. *Mayfair* captured the moods in winter at their Hampstead home and in summer on a deserted stretch of French coast.

Star of *Mayfair*'s newest home movie, Mandy Kuypers, below, came our way via the film *Percy's Progress*, while Kimberley Fears, bottom right, showed what most men want to see when they watch schoolgirls play basketball. Susie Harvard, immediate right, as befits a girl with a university degree, wrote her own story to go with her pictures. 'In addition to being brainy,' wrote a practical Glasgow man, 'she's also got great nipples.' Lindy Benson, opposite page top left, represented the cool, classic blonde, while Jane Thomas, below, found the summer heat just too much. Anna Esquivel, top right, did great things for a fur rug.



Those of you with a liking for bottoms found two *derrières* particularly memorable during the year. Anniken Robertson, above left, and Angie Barry, bottom (literally!), far right, each found their admirers waxing enthusiastic over their twin cheeks. 'Angie looks so, well, inviting,' gulped a Stockport reader, while following Anniken's admission that 'when men on the tube ogle me, I ogle them right back,' a north London reader confessed to drastically smartening-up his appearance, 'just in case I should bump into her.' Mary Rankin, above right, Stirling-born, but Weymouth-bred, gave a new dimension to the erotic power of underwear with this superb study in sensuality. And talking of dimensions, big boob buffs still quiver at the mention of the astonishing statistics boasted by American Roxanne Brewer – 45DD–26–36, the most well-endowed girl ever to grace our pages. Roxanne's whirlwind photo-session visit to London from New York created a sizeable stir, and the incredulous expression on the face of one customs officer is still to be treasured.



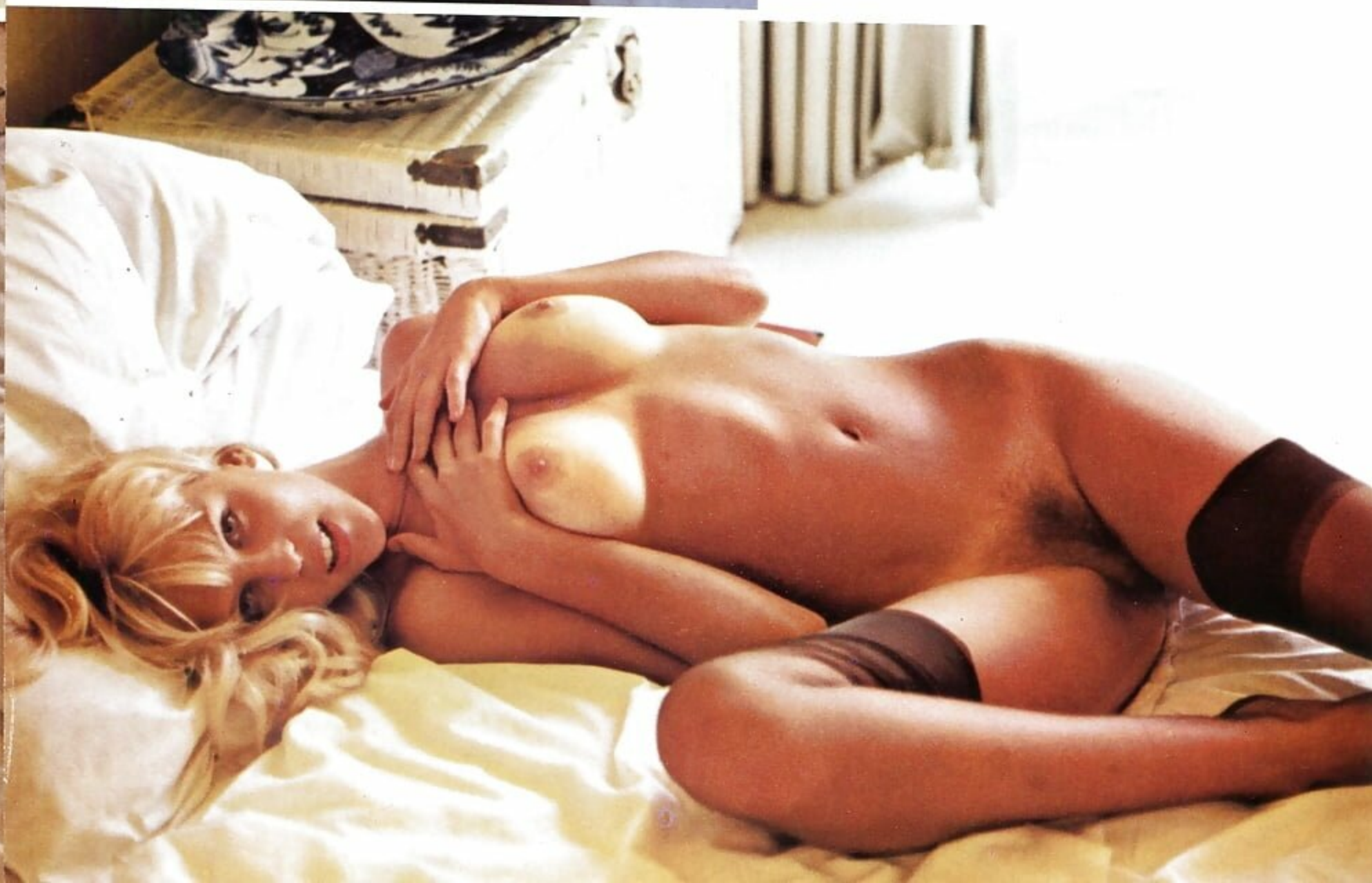
Francesca

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

'Blonde is beautiful' is a cry oft-repeated by fully paid-up members of the Bird Fanciers Union. 'Rubbish,' comes back the reply of dissenters. 'Brunettes are best.' Others still maintain that redheads are ravers. Each to his own, but it must be admitted that the next few pages will be of particular interest to blonde buffs, though others can of course look and admire. Twenty-four-year old Francesca Abbott is deliciously blonde, generously

rounded, undeniably sexy and as good a looking female as you're likely to come across in a long long while. She is, to coin a phrase, dishy. Francesca lives in London's Fulham area ('just off Dawes Road, actually'), and works in a West End boutique. She is single (loud applause); currently unattached (cheers); lives alone (more cheers); 'and I don't have the slightest intention of altering the status quo,' breaks in Francesca, 'I'm completely foot-loose and fancy-free after a long relationship and I'm enjoying every single moment of it.' (Groans). Most evenings, Francesca's 38C–24–36 can be found enjoying itself at one of the capital's swinging new wine-bars – perhaps the nearest equivalent to the singles bars of New York. 'One in particular is fantastic, it's called *Pips* and it's in Curzon

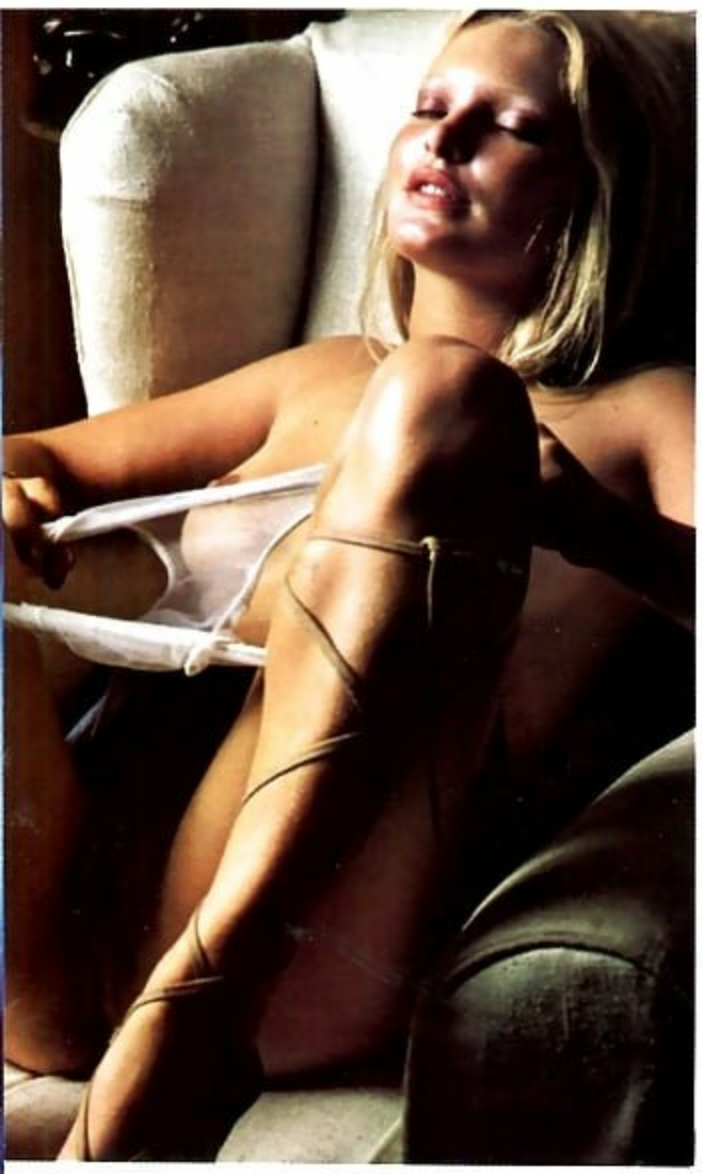
Street – practically opposite the Curzon cinema. You can't miss it because there are generally queues of people lined up outside waiting to get in. The atmosphere once you're inside is fantastic – like a big party. There's this enormous circular bar which everybody clusters round and the whole thing is terribly merry. Nobody seems to get blotto – just slightly tipsy which is nice. It's all so friendly. Sure there's a fair amount of pulling going on, but it's all done in such a matey way that I'm sure that no-one could take offence. I certainly don't when a man tries to pull me; I take it as a compliment.' Francesca smiles. 'But don't forget what I said earlier about being fancy-free. No ties for me at the moment.' She grins. 'Except just possibly silk ones!'



LESLEY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE McLEAN

When asked to describe his ideal woman, a celebrated wit once replied: 'A beautiful blonde living above a pub.' Twenty-one year-old Lesley Chisholm fits that definition to a T. Blonde she is. Beautiful she is. And she used to live above a pub. Two pubs in fact, as her father has been 'mine host' at two West Country inns – *The*



Queens Arms in Corton Denham just outside Sherborne and *The Newlands Inn* which is in Sherborne itself. Though she now lives in Yeovil, 34–22–33 Lesley was schooled in Sherborne – at St Aldhelm's Secondary – after moving down to Somerset from Gosforth where she was born. 'I've had a variety of jobs since leaving school,' says Lesley, 'I worked for a while

as a Nursing Assistant at the Coldharbour Hospital in Sherborne and I've also been a sales rep with a company called House of Glass. I sold double-glazing, but I wasn't all that hot as I'm a bit lazy. Now I'm trying to get into modelling, though I hope it doesn't involve moving up to London as I really like Yeovil and don't know a soul up in town. And my dog Sydney likes Yeovil too. He's a gorgeous Afghan hound given to me as a puppy.' Lesley smiles. 'People say there's no nightlife outside London, but that's not true. You've just got to know where to go. My favourite places are *The 393*

in Ilchester and *The Webbington* which is just outside Weston-super-Mare. Sure it's a bit of a drive to get to them, but as I've got a car – a sort of aubergine-coloured Volvo like The Saint used to drive on TV – it's no real problem.' And for company on these club evenings? 'I'm very much a one-man girl,' maintains Lesley. 'I do perhaps flirt a little at parties, but I'm certainly no bed-hopper. I like tall, hunky men. Oliver Reed, for instance, I fancy him lots. I like to have one special man as I'm the kind of girl that needs someone to organise her. I suppose I'm a bit childish at times as I like to get my own way and if I don't, I hurl plates around as they make a very satisfying sound when they smash.' She grins. 'Luckily I'm not a very good shot, but I always feel terribly guilty afterwards. My boyfriends have to tolerate things like that though, but they seem to put up with it as I go in for long relationships, tantrums and all.' It all sounds – dare it be said? – just smashing.

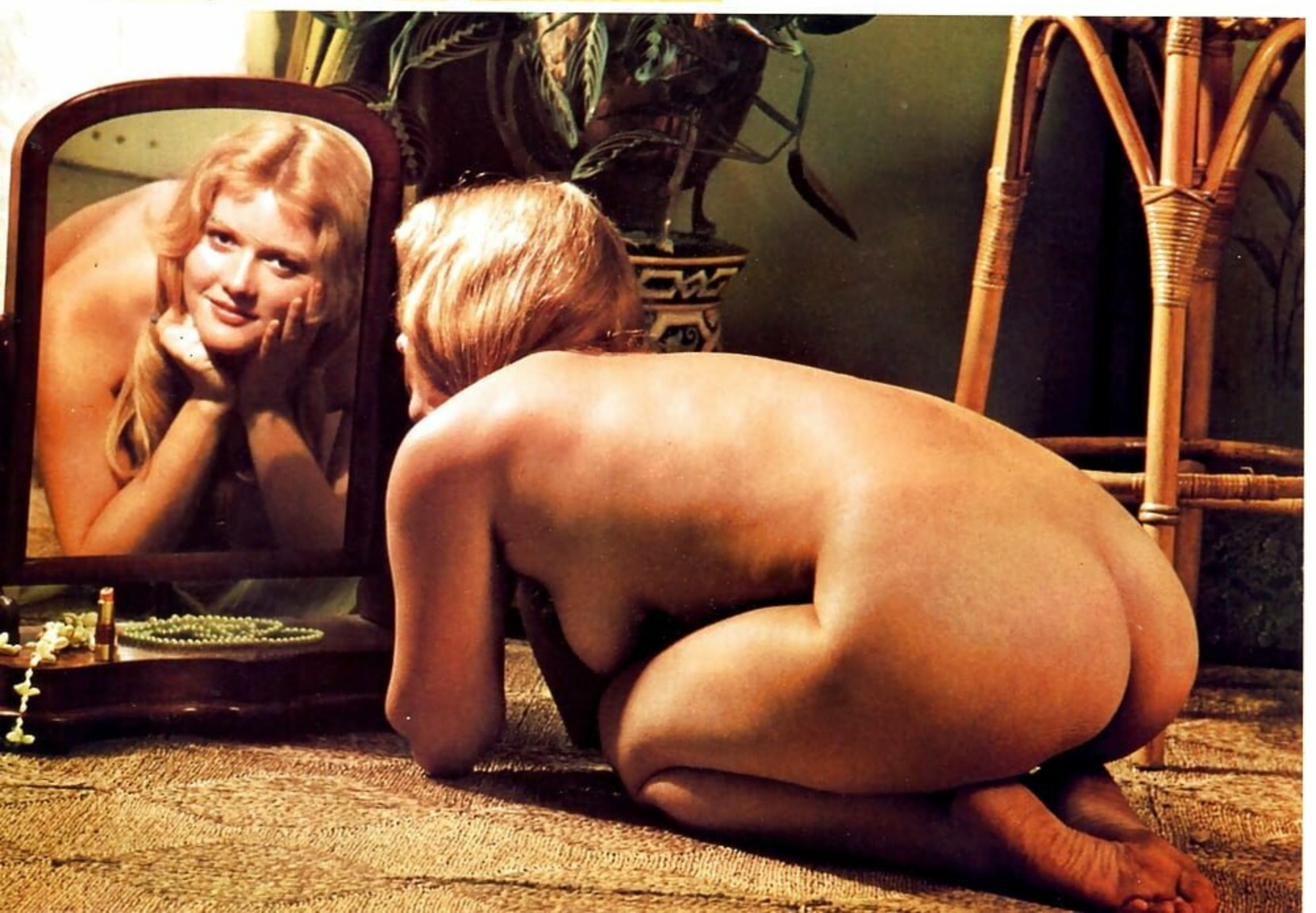
MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / LESLEY CHISHOLM

CHRISTINE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD FITZGERALD

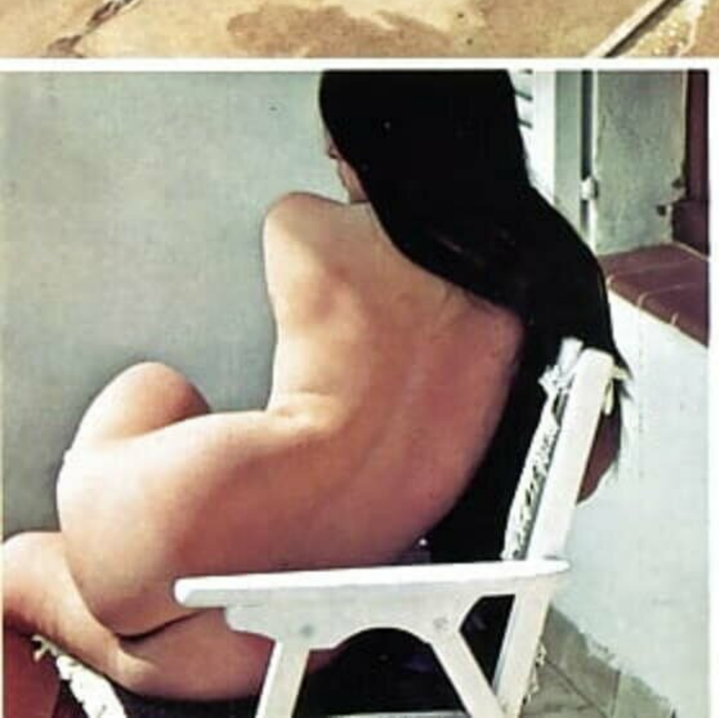
For all those unfortunate male chauvinists reeling under the impact of the feminist revolution Christine Tyndall arrives like a breath of fresh Midlands air. 'I honestly feel sorry for men today,' says this astute 21-year-old. 'I talk to friends of my mother's age and years ago it was fairly clear how you were expected to behave. A man asked a girl out and then he courted her a bit and tried to persuade her to have sex. If she did she was a "bad" girl and if she didn't she was "good." And the longer you made the man wait the more he was supposed to respect you. Nowadays anything's possible. One girl might jump into bed as soon as the man asks her – or even before. Another might like a slow, old-fashioned courtship. It must be terribly confusing when a man goes out with a girl for the first time. I honestly think girls have all the advantages.' And what approach does Christine prefer? She grins, shaking straw-coloured pigtails. 'I can't answer without seeing a particular man. Everyone I've known I've got to know over quite a long time – a month or two, and sometimes

much longer. I never have jumped straight into bed with someone – but that's probably just because I haven't met the right man yet.' A laugh. 'I suppose that doesn't help any potential boyfriend, either. Let's just say, if I fancy someone he's going to have to be pretty stupid not to notice.' A native of Selly Oak, on the outskirts of Birmingham, 35–24–35 inch Christine has just completed a course in cookery at a Midlands Polytechnic. 'It was a very good course,' she says, 'but there wasn't very much emphasis on the *cordon bleu* side. I'm really obsessed with good food. I think eventually I'd like to open a restaurant of my own. It would be very simple and unpretentious but as cheap as I can make it with superb food.' The speciality of the house? '*Côté de veau au poivre vert*, which is veal chop with peppercorns and a subtle cognac sauce, followed by *vacherin belle hélène*, which is stuffed pear on a meringue base with whipped cream and melted chocolate sauce. All helped down with a bottle of a lightish red wine, like Côtes de Ventoux.' We're booking already, Christine.



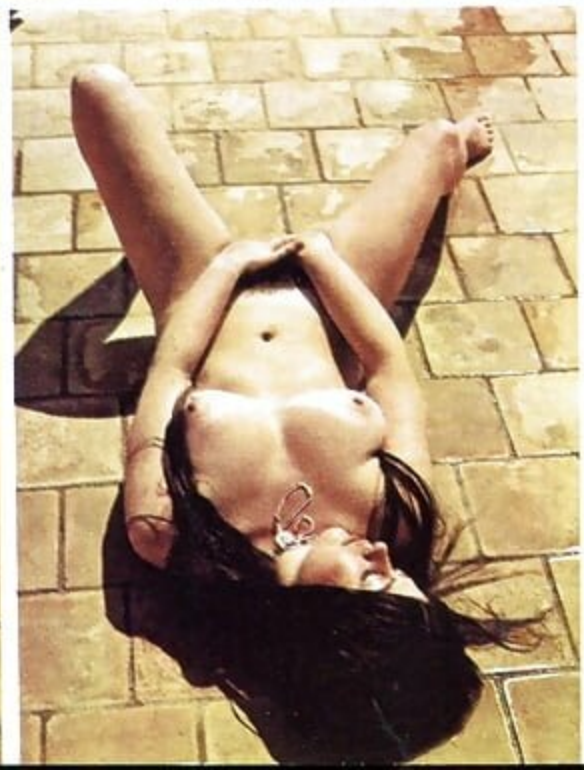
CASSY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER



Cassy. Short for what, one wonders. Cassandra? Cassia? Cassiopeia? Casserole? 'No. I'm afraid it's much more mundane than that,' giggles 20-year-old Cassy Hargrave. 'My name's really Cathy, but when I was teeny-weeny and learning how to talk, it kept coming out as "Cassy" and that sort of stuck. Not that I mind in the slightest,' she hastens to add, 'because I think it's rather original. Don't you?' Though she now lives in the Shaw Hill area of Halifax in Yorkshire, Cassy hails from the rather unpromisingly-named town of Deadwater up in Northumberland, which, for those of you not of a geographical bent, is just about as near as you can get to Scotland without actually leaving England. 'We left there when I was quite young,' explains Cassy, 'so to be honest I don't remember all that much about it. It's in the Cheviots, which are a very pretty part of the world, and near to Peel Fell, which is the dominant local landmark. I remember the winters being terribly bleak: I'm not saying Halifax is tropical, but it sometimes seems like it in

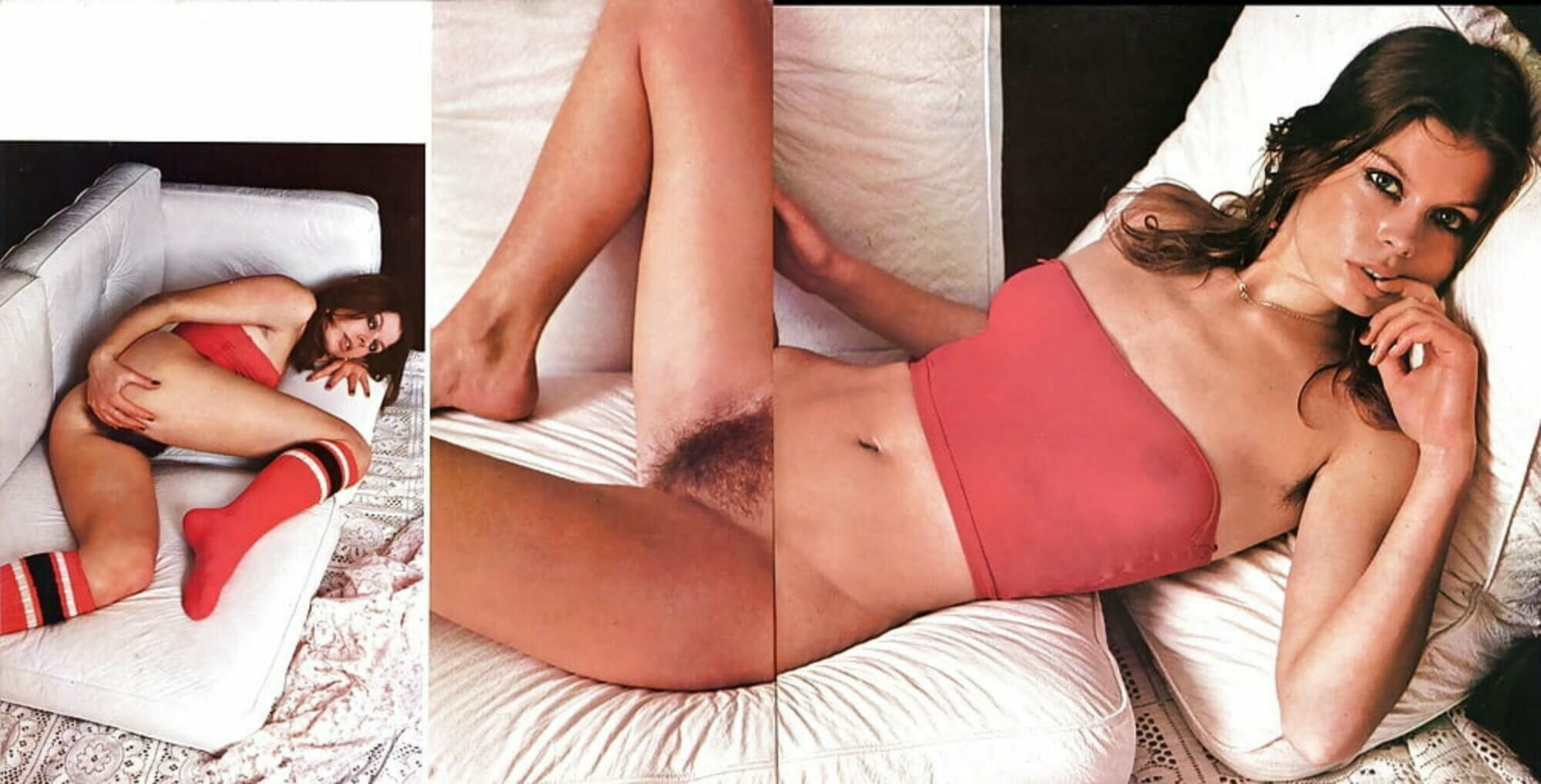
comparison.' During the week, Cassy's softly-rounded 37–25–36 is to be found seated at a desk pounding away at a typewriter, but after hours, her mind turns to more exhilarating pursuits. 'Parachuting,' she smiles. 'That's something I'd love to learn how to do. I should think it's terribly exciting. The idea of free-fall . . .' Cassy's voice trails off as her face lights up, lost in her own private fantasy. 'I'm quite an adventurous type all-round actually,' she continues, reverie over. 'I've been gliding and potholing and I once tried water-skiing, but I could never get myself up. I'm afraid I'm a bit impatient in that if I can't get the hang of something new fairly quickly, I rather lose interest, so water-skiing was a pretty brief fad.' And men? 'Oh, outdoor types without a doubt,' says Cassy firmly. 'That's why I'm not particularly keen on Southern men. From my experience I've found them a bit soft. Yorkshiremen are lovely though. Tough, gritty and down-to-earth. I know it sounds a bit of a cliché, but they're really *men*, if you follow my meaning. The



last thing I want to do is offend the chaps down south, but to be perfectly honest, the couple I've been out with have seemed a bit pansyish. You know, always worried about their hair and whether they look trendy or not. That leaves me cold – literally. I can't get turned on by a guy like that.' So what does turn Cassy on? 'Ah,' she smiles, 'that's the sixty-four million dollar question isn't it? Well, I've already told you that I like outdoor types, but I'll qualify that by saying that I like a man to have a strong sensitive streak as well. I like art and books and like anyone else I have my moods and ups and downs, so a man has to be sensitive enough to appreciate all this.' She laughs. 'I think my absolute ideal male would be a lumberjack with a degree in human relations, but I shouldn't think that there are all that many of those around! Mark you, if there are, and if perhaps they should write in, you would tell me and not keep me all to yourselves, wouldn't you?'

NICOLA

When a girl with a stunning 34–22–34 inch figure and a sexy and classically formed face like Nicola Benton's tells you she's just a country mouse at heart, you're entitled to cock a quizzical eyebrow. Surely the slopes of a Swiss ski resort or a Riviera bar would be more fitting for such a svelte supergirl: not the quiet beech-covered corners of the Buckinghamshire Chilterns. 'I am,' she protests, 'only 19. I only left school at the end of last year, and I just haven't had the time for a great deal of globe-trotting. Not that I don't want to go. The best I've managed so far is a couple of fortnights in a Spanish villa near a place called Fuengirola. But I went with a boyfriend the second time so I didn't really see a great deal of the scenery.' Armed with a handful of 'O' Levels and a solitary 'A' Level – 'That was my head mistress's idea. She thought I was superb at art, which I do enjoy, but I think I'd lose the pleasure of it if I had to study it full-time' – Nicola is currently debating a choice of careers: art school,



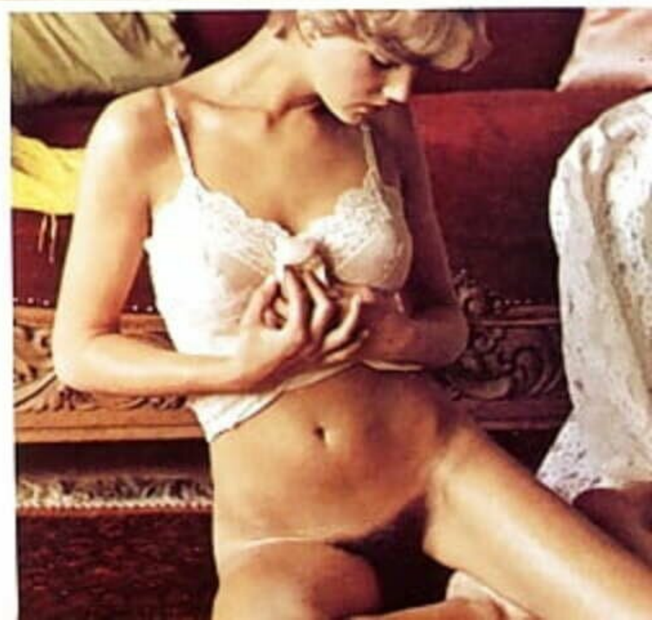
commerce or the more intriguing world of modelling. 'It *is* intriguing,' she says. 'Though not so much because of the glamour – it's much harder work than you'd ever think looking at it from the outside. I got quite exhausted. I'm really fascinated by the way photographers work, what makes a good picture and what doesn't. I've only worked with a couple and they were each completely different.' Home for Nicola is a small village within hailing distance of High Wycombe. 'I know it sounds very tucked away and obscure, but I'd really feel lost if I didn't wake up to the sound of birds singing, and there are some beautiful walks around here. And it's not at all quiet socially. My favourite spot is Marlow where there are some gorgeous old pubs, like *The Ship* and the *Two Brewers* down by the Thames. We've even got a night club, *Chez Skinner's* just outside Henley which has a very good discotheque. I'm sure there'd be more variety in a place like London but all that concrete and traffic would get me down after a few weeks. At the moment I can jump in my car

and rush off to Hambleden Lock or Coombe Hill whenever I feel a bit down and wander about and I soon feel marvellous again. I doubt if Hyde Park would have the same effect.' It's hard to imagine a girl like Nicola in the dumps for very long. 'Oh there are a couple of men hanging about, but none that really brighten me up when I see them – that sounds much more ungrateful than it's meant, but I have been quite deeply involved and once that's happened you just know what's important and what isn't. That doesn't mean that I wouldn't go to bed with someone if I was suddenly and madly attracted to them; I think it's silly waiting just for that because even if you do and feel more certain about what you're doing there's no guarantee that everything is going to work out, is there? And then you might have missed out on a really gorgeous time. But if I do care for someone, that's that; they've got my whole attention. I'm an Aries, very strong-willed, very single-minded when I want to be. And I expect a boyfriend to feel the same about me. That's the one thing I really detest – being taken for granted.' An unlikely fate for Nicola. Meantime she's happy wearing the red visor cap that came with her photo session. 'Perfect for wearing by the river in summer!' she purrs. We'll all be watching out for it.

SUE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRISTER FLODQVIST

Who mourns the passing of Cumberland and Westmorland from the map of England? Wordsworth would turn in his grave at the knowledge that his daffodils no longer flutter and dance in the Cumberland breeze. Well, at least that's what pert-breasted, blonde Sue Barclay thinks about Whitehall's decision to create the new county of Cumbria. 'It made me so annoyed,' said the 22-year-old secretary, originally from Penrith, 'that no one complained or protested that they were taking away our heritage with this stupid new counties business. Look at Bournemouth for



example. Four years ago it was in Hampshire. Now it's in Dorset. Ridiculous.' Sue smiles, belying the fact that she isn't all that put-out, and lights a cigarette, expelling a stream of wispy blue curly smoke, high into the air. She settles back in her chair, her ample 35-inch breasts with no need of support joggle a little and a visible hint of brown peeks through her wheaten jumper. At 5 feet 5 inches, and a 22-inch waist and 35-inch hips to accompany her ample bosom, Sue is the type of girl who drives many men wild. But Sue herself has yet to find her ideal beau. 'They all get too heavy with me,' she says with a twinkle in her eye. 'I mean I enjoy sex very much – all girls do if they're honest enough to admit it – but when fellows start on about getting married it's high time to get the hell out. I've lived with a couple of guys, one for two years, the other for about one, and everything was hunky-dory until they started getting too serious; and after I'd told them my feelings, the relationships deteriorated. They needed the security, not I. Now, I believe that variety is the spice of life.'

CARRIE

Carrie solves her gift problem by looking a male pig in the mouth

MCP